

Sweet flowers and fruits from fair Parnassus' mount,  
And varied knowledge from rich Science' fount,  
We hither bring.

## MUSÆUS'S PHYSIOGNOMICAL JOURNAL.

(IN CONTINUATION.)

### CHAPTER V.

### ST. LUCIAN'S DAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

#### LETTER II.

From Mr. Francis Laibling at Regensburg in the  
service of the Honourable Hessian Embassy.

"SINCE an embargo was laid upon the Gassnerian devil, and since his free ingress and egress to and from the human body as in trading to a free port, has been suppressed, and Gassner's extensive trade in exorcising consequently extremely restrained, indeed reduced as it were to a mere smuggling traffic, this active and enterprising man has applied himself to another branch of business, in which he is not likely to shine with less lustre than in the sphere he has been compelled to quit.

"So long as when he was a student at Prague, he made the human countenance his particular study, and had obtained so great a degree of precision, in judging the character by the features, even at first sight, that father Suadens, a cold-blooded reasoning man, and at that time his bosom friend, believed him to possess some *secretum naturale*, while others attributed the whole to phrenzy or enthusiasm. To this study he still adheres, and at present employs a very excellent master in taking the physiognomy of the most remarkable among the possessed, in their paroxysms, either before, or during exorcisation. These are in due time to be laid before the public in the way of a physiognomical essay, by which he hopes to bring over at least the connoisseurs in the science, to his side, and convince them that certain lines in the countenance may form as legible an expression of diabolization, as the letter O does of astonishment and admiration.

"Some of these drawings I have been so fortunate as to procure by means of a member of the Imperial Academy of Arts, Mr. Ignatius Hagemeyers, cousin to Dr. Hagemeyers, physician at Sterbenhausen, and herewith transmit them to you, as not doubting that since you pursue the study of physiognomy with so much ardour, they will prove an acceptable present. What I know of the persons to whom the heads belong, shall be annexed, as well as the number of devils that had taken possession of each.

"The first is the young nun Mary Anne Oberhuber, from whom, according to the Protocol, bearing date, Ellwang the 8th of December, 1774, the great exorcist Joseph Gassner expelled ten thousand million of devils of unchastity.

"The second is daughter to a citizen at W—, drawn at the moment when the exorcist laid his hand upon her breast, and commanded the devils to come forth. Their number was estimated at eleven thousand at least; and indeed farther Gassner assured us that the devils never ventured to enter a virgin in a smaller number, because in the chaste days of our forefathers, eleven thousand virgins, under the conduct of St. Ursula, once took the field against Satan himself the prince of devils.

"Thirdly; a disbanded soldier, a native of Amelung in Swabia, who formerly served in the Imperial army, and had ever since the battle of Rosbach been afflicted with such strange twitchings in his foot, that he wished to be exorcised. According to the deposition of the possessed, eight legions and a half of devils had settled themselves in his legs, but because they had been too busy there, he was compelled some years before to have a leg taken off, and at the same time therefore, when he was to undergo the Gassnerian operation, he had a wooden leg. But as this is no *objectum obsessionis diabolicae*, only half this number of evil spirits must be taken into the account."

Fourthly;—a citizen of Ellwang complained of only a single Satanic-angel, which tormented him day and night. He was exorcised; on the following day he turned his wife out of doors, and from that moment his ailments were at an end.

"The fifth is the prior of a monastery, who never would allow that he was troubled with demoniacs. Notwithstanding this, the inferior members of the society compelled him to be exorcised, when no less than seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand, all demons of avarice, came forth.

"The sixth is an ancient damsel of pleasure, who, as a young girl, had harboured as many devils about her, as Europe is said to possess inhabitants. They had however been diminished to only nine hundred and ninety-nine, who at the first word all forsook their ancient dwelling.

"These numbers added together, and taking the legion at six thousand six hundred and sixty six heads make on the whole 10,000,817,330 devils and a half, expelled from the above-mentioned persons, by the celebrated Gassner.

"These sketches I beg you, sir, to examine, and give me your opinion upon them. If in their physiognomy you discern true demonianism, be pleased to observe in what part of the countenance it has fixed its proper seat, whether in the space between the forehead and the nose, or between the eyes and the mouth, or in the fixed wildness of the eye, or in the distortion of the open mouth, or in the general swollen muscles of the face, or where else. I wish to compare your judgment with the Gassnerian commentary upon them, which I hope soon to receive."

#### ANSWER.

"I have read your letter with attention my friend, and am sorry to say that I am convinced

it is not meant seriously, but merely in sport. I pardon the offence, however, for the sake of the hints with which it has furnished me, and which I shall find extremely useful in my pursuit of the most glorious of all sciences.

"It cannot be unknown to you, that when Gassner made so great a clamour with his exorcising trade, and all people were running after him, the gentle Lavater also followed the croud, when he was heard to say aside, "*A miracle!*"\* He supposed himself unobserved, but the listeners had caught the word, and eagerly repeated it after him. He however declared that they had not understood him rightly; he only meant to say, that he would freely give six new Louis d'ors to any one who would ascertain whether Gassner's art really were miraculous or not. Here the Berlin sages interposed, and said that such an inquiry must be wholly futile, and the person who should enter upon it would return home as wise as he went out. And why? For this simple reason: because it was impossible that the matter should be determined, since 'twas not in the power of any man to decide, whether the persons he affected to cure were really diseased, consequently whether his method of cure was natural.

"And why impossible to be ascertained?—There is the Gordian knot which I trust I can unloose by my physiognomical skill. For since every thing that is within a man is impressed on the outward features as plainly as in a mirror, it follows as a necessary consequence, that whenever the devil has taken possession of a man's heart, his cloven foot and tail must be discernible in the form of the nose, the mouth, or the forehead. There cannot indeed be any doubt that the letters which compose the word demonianism, are as plain in the physiognomical alphabet, as those which belong to the words genius and understanding: the only difficulty is, who shall point them out. They are hieroglyphics like the inscriptions on the Egyptian monuments; and many an obelisk, which perhaps bears some important information, is useless, because no one possesses the right key for explaining it: but let it be examined by one who can decypher only a single line, and with this clue the whole may be made so clear, that no art shall be requisite for the remainder.

"Friend, thus it appears to me with respect to the physiognomical expression of demonianism. If St. Lucas had but preserved to us the contour of one possessed, in onyx or carnelian, so that the tooth of time might have had no power over it, would have been in truth of more value to us, than all the other originals in the Lippertian Dactylitheca. By this means we should have had an opportunity of studying the true expression of demonianism, and thus have been enu-

\* Lavater's enthusiasm is by no means confined to the science of physiognomy; he is equally a religious enthusiast, and almost, if not altogether, believes, that a power of working miracles still subsists upon the earth.



to decide with certainty whether the Gassnerian demons were of genuine metal and stamp, or whether they were no more than impostors; but here, alas! we fail. I am therefore firmly of opinion, that at present it is as impossible absolutely to determine in which of the lineaments to look for the proper seat of possession, as to ascertain in which gland of the brain resides the proper seat of the soul; though I hold it to be equally undoubted that the soul has its seat in the brain, as that Satan takes his in the lineaments. Gassner may as well therefore let his essay slumber in peace, if the whole matter be not, as I suspect, a mere hum.

"As I examined the six sketches, methought the heads were not wholly unknown to me, and I soon recollected, with a degree of confidence, that they must be taken from the plates in some ancient bible. To that book therefore I had recourse; and discovered that the second head is that of the Adulteress in the eighth chapter of St. John: that the young Nun is a Magdalen: that the Prior's head is taken from that of the unjust steward, or of the rich man: and the worn-out lady of pleasure from the Apocalyptical Fornicatress.

"As to the third head, the Swabian soldier, with which indeed I am most pleased, it appears to have the true expression of the Wolfian phrenzy. And since this is evidently taken from one of the Gergesene demoniacs, I cleave to it, in the hope that it may prove a key-stone, which shall hereafter lead to the discovery of the genuine physiognomical features of demonianism. Thus much for the present, from, &c."

*Perhaps there is nothing of the kind in the whole compass of the English language, superior to the following Eulogy on the immortal PITT. And it cannot fail to be read with the highest interest, especially, when it is remembered, that in the Revolution he was the staunch friend of America, and stood forth the Champion of her Rights and Liberties against a host of Antagonists.*

THE Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns tho't royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persavive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No do-

mestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres.\*

Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

ANONYMOUS.

\* The late Lord Lyttleton in speaking of the power and effect of his eloquence, remarks—"His words have sometimes frozen my young blood into stagnation, and sometimes made it pace in such a hurry through my veins, that I could scarce support it." Ed.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN,

As related by himself.

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage, which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You must know that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and a light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose.

The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess what I believe has been often experienced by those whose education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause, I know not, but he was snatched from all his dreams of joy, by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parenage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters;) from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and, though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again tomorrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whose open and easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathe-



matics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepiness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led, by observing an edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedge-wood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, that there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarcely knowing what I did, I attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably

cool, when an unlooked-for accident re-kindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities par-boiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near to me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a saltseller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelm me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near to me; in my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of my torment upon my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler, by accident, mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flea'd and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the stimulating liquor burst through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration, which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like "a goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth gritled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

"From Variety."

## Selected Poetry.

### FOR THE MIRROR.

MR. SEWALL,

I HEREWITH present you for publication DAVID GARRICK'S "ODE to the memory of SHAKESPEARE." In most collections of the Selected Beauties of English Poetry it is not to be met with. But I will venture to affirm notwithstanding, that there is rarely to be found among any of them, a production more happily and nobly conceived than this effusion from the pen of that great actor and original genius. It will, I doubt not be read with pleasure by many of the patrons of "THE LITERARY MIRROR."

By publishing it you will gratify a

READER.

## ODE

ON DEDICATING A BUILDING & ERECTING

A STATUE TO

SHAKESPEARE,

AT STRATFORD, UPON AVON.

### I.

To what blest genius of the isle,  
Shall gratitude her tribute pay,  
Decree the festive day,  
Erect the statue, and devote the pile?  
Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,  
To own the bosom's Lord?  
Tis he! 'tis he! that demi-god;  
Who Avon's flow'ry margin trod;  
While sportive fancy round him flew,  
Where nature led him by the hand,  
Instructed him in all she knew,  
And gave him absolute command!  
'Tis he! 'tis he!  
The god of our idolatry!

### II.

To him the song, the edifice we raise;  
He merits all our wonder, all our praise!  
Yet ere impatient joy break forth  
In sounds that lift the soul from earth;  
And to our spell-bound minds impart  
Some faint idea of his magic art;  
Let awful silence still the air;  
From the dark cloud, the hidden light  
Bursts tenfold bright!  
Prepare! prepare! prepare!  
Now swell at once the choral song  
Roll the full tide of harmony along;  
Let rapture sweep the trembling strings,  
And fame expanding all her wings,  
With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim,  
The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name  
Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Shakespeare!

### III.

Let the enchanting sound  
From Avon's shores resound;  
Through the air  
Let it bear  
The precious freight the envious nations round!  
Though Philip's fam'd immortal son,  
Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won,  
He sigh'd, that his creative word



(Like that which rules the skies)  
 Could not bid other nations rise,  
 To glut his yet unsated sword :  
 But when our Shakespeare's matchless pen,  
 Like Alexander's sword had done with men,  
 He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan ;  
 Not limited to human kind,  
 He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,  
 Rais'd other worlds and beings of his own !

## IV.

Oh ! from his muse of fire  
 Could but one spark be caught,  
 Then might these humble strains aspire,  
 To tell the wonders he has wrought ;  
 To tell—how sitting on his magic throne,  
 Unaided and alone,  
 In dreadful state  
 The subject passions round him wait ;  
 Whom, tho' unchain'd, and raging there,  
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career ;  
 With that superior skill,  
 Which winds the fiery steed at will ;  
 He gives the awful word,  
 And they all foaming, trembling, own him for their  
 Lord.

## V.

With these his slaves he can controul,  
 Or charm the soul ;  
 So realiz'd are all his golden dreams  
 Of terror, pity, love, and grief ;  
 Though conscious that the vision only seems,  
 The woe-struck mind finds no relief :  
 Ingratitude would drop the tear,  
 Cold-blooded age take fire ;  
 To see the thankless children of old Lear  
 Spurn at their king and sire !  
 With his our reason too grows wild !  
 What nature had disjoin'd,  
 The poet's power combin'd,  
 Madness and age, ingratitude and child !

## VI.

Ye guilty lawless tribe,  
 Escap'd from punishment by art or bribe,  
 At Shakespeare's bar appear ;  
 No bribing, and no shuffling there !  
 His genius, like a rushing flood,  
 Cannot be withstood,  
 Out bursts the penitential tear ;  
 The look appall'd the crime reveals ;  
 The marble-hearted monster feels,  
 Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

## VII.

When our magician, more inspir'd,  
 By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,  
 Exerts his most tremendous pow'r,  
 The thunder grouls, the heav'n's lour,  
 And to his darken'd throne repair  
 The demons of the deep, and spirits of the air.

## VIII.

But soon those horrors pass away,  
 Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day ;

He smiles :—they vanish into air !  
 The buskin'd warriors disappear !  
 Mute the trumpets, mute the drums ;  
 The scene is chang'd *Thalia* comes !  
 Leading the nymph *Euphrosyne*,  
 Goddess of joy and liberty !  
 She and her sisters hand in hand,  
 Link'd to a numerous frolic band,  
 With roses and with myrtle crown'd,  
 O'er the green velvet lightly bound,  
 Circling the monarch of th' enchanted land !

## IX.

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,  
 The little loves, like bees  
 Clust'ring and climbing up his knees,  
 His brows with roses bind ;  
 While fancy, wit, and humour, spread  
 Their wings, and hover round his head,  
 Which turning soon, as soon brough forth  
 Not a tiny spurious birth,  
 But out a mountain came  
 A mountain of delight !  
 Laughter roar'd to see the sight,  
 And *Falstaff* was his name !  
 With sword and shield he puffing strides,  
 The joyous revel rout  
 Receive him with a shout,  
 And modest nature hold her sides ;  
 No single pow'r the deed had done,  
 But great and small,  
 Wit, fancy, humour, whim, and jest,  
 The huge mis-shapen heap impress'd,  
 And, lo !—Sir John !  
 A compound of them all,  
 A comic world in one !

## X.

Sweet swan of Avon : Ever may thy stream  
 Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme ;  
 Not Thames himself, who in his silver course  
 Triumphant rolls along  
 Britannia's riches, and his force,  
 Shall more harmonious flow in song.  
 Oh ! had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore,  
 Of Cam and Isis, tun'd their classic lays,  
 And from their full and precious store  
 Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted Avon praise ;  
 Nor Greek nor Roman strains would flow along  
 More sweetly clear or more sublimely strong ;  
 Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal  
 The weakest numbers, and the warmest zeal.

## XI.

Look down, blest spirit ! from above ;  
 With all thy gentleness and love ;  
 And as the wonders of thy pen  
 By heav'n inspir'd,  
 To virtue fir'd  
 The charm'd, astonish'd sons of men ;  
 With no reproach, ev'n now, thou view'st thy work,  
 Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,  
 To taint the mind of youth ;  
 Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,

And as thou giv'st it fame, that fame defend ;  
 And may no sacrilegious hand  
 Near Avon's banks be found,  
 To dare to parcel out the land,  
 And limit Shakespeare's hallow'd ground ;  
 For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,  
 As broad, and gen'ral as thy boundless mind.

## XII.

Can British gratitude delay  
 To him, the glory of this isle,  
 To give the festive day,  
 The song, the statue, and devoted pile  
 To him the first of poets, best of men !  
 " We ne'er shall look upon his like again !"

The Snow Drop by a young LADY, shall appear in our next.

## Portsmouth Female Asylum.

THE MEMBERS of the PORTSMOUTH FEMALE ASYLUM are hereby notified, that their annual meeting for the choice of MANAGERS, will be holden at the ASYLUM in Pleasant street, on the first Monday of May next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. ; at which time and place a general and punctual attendance is requested. APRIL, 30.

## Cabinet-Making.

## JUDKINS &amp; SENTER,

Respectfully inform the public that they have taken the shop directly over Mr. N. B. March's saddlery shop, nearly opposite the Post-Office, Broad street, where they intend carrying on the

## Cabinet Making Business

IN ALL ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES.

All orders punctually attended to, and the smallest favors gratefully acknowledged.

Portsmouth, April 16, 1808.

## G. DAME'S ACADEMY

FOR

## DANCING,

Will be opened on Monday the 2d of May next, at two o'clock, P. M. at the Assembly Room.

LIKEWISE FOR

## DRAWING &amp; PAINTING,

On the same day at 9 o'clock A. M. where those who wish to take lessons, will please attend.  
 April 23.

## TERMS OF THE MIRROR.

Two dollars per annum, exclusive of postage.  
 To subscribers at a distance one half in advance will be expected.

One column will be devoted to advertisements.

All communications addressed to the Editor of the Mirror are requested to be post paid or they will not meet with attention.

